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WM. MCKINLEY.



GARRET A. HOBART.

CAMPAIGN SONGS

DEDICATED TO

HON. WM. MCKINLEY and HON. GARRET A. HOBART

By JAMES M. STEWART.

MCKINLEY and HOBART,

Tune:—"Star Spangled Banner."

MCKINLEY and PROTECTION,

Tune:—"The Morning Light is Breaking."

VICTORY,

Tune:—"Maryland, My Maryland"

THE SILVER CRAZE,

Old Tune adapted:—"Take Your Time, Miss Lucy."

MY COUNTRY'S HONOR,

Tune:—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

—AND—

SENATOR THURSTON'S GREAT SPEECH.

—O—
PUBLISHED BY

ROBERT HOYT STEWART,

2224 McCulloh St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

1896.

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PRICE

10 CENTS.

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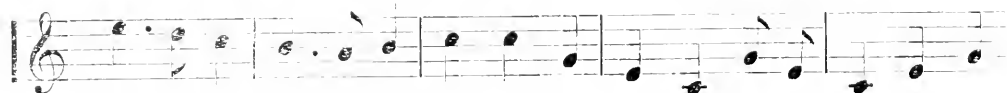
McKINLEY AND HOBART.

AIR.—"The Star-Spangled Banner."

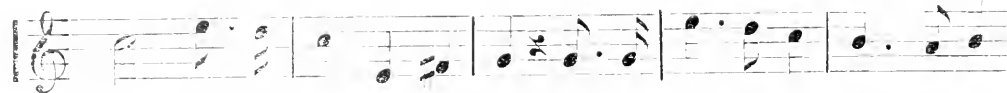
Campaign Lyric by James M. Stewart.



1. O Re - pub - li - can hosts! there's a great work in view— To re -



deem and aug - ment our fair fame as a na - tion; To your posts ev - 'ry



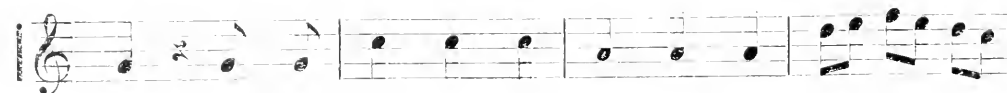
man! un - to du - ty be true, Give Mc - Kin - ley and Ho - bart a



loy - al o - va - tion, All their rec - ords so pure give as -



sur - ance that still Ev - 'ry prom - ise of good they will brave - ly ful -



fill; Let us judge them most wise - ly, and hon - or them



well, And the proof of our wis - dom the fu - ture shall tell.

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MCKINLEY AND HOBART.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Three cheers for Mc - Kin - ley, the statesman pro- found, Let them ring thro' the

land to its ut - ter - most bound, And for Ho - bart the same, for, in

this great cam- paign, They will guide us to hon - or and glo - ry a - gain.

- 2 Not for war internecine America's call,
 For from that we have won a most happy exemption;
 But for peace and protection, prosperity, all
 Long assailed but not lost beyond honor's redemption.
 For the chiefs of Democracy, false to their trust,—
 False, or craven,—have brought our fair fame to the dust;
 Then arouse, O, ye voters! strike well for the cause,
 For America's right, for American laws.—CHOR.

- 3 Do ye listen the voices that urge us to save
 Stricken Cuba, where now there is direful confusion?
 O remember Hawaii—that queen of the wave,
 And our banner insulted by folly's collusion;
 See incompetence striving our coffers to fill.
 By the spendthrift's resort, by his blundering skill;
 These and more point the duties devolving on you,
 O, Republican voters! the loyal and true.—CHOR.

MCKINLEY AND PROTECTION.

AIR.—“The Morning Light is Breaking.”

Campaign Lyric by James M. Stewart.

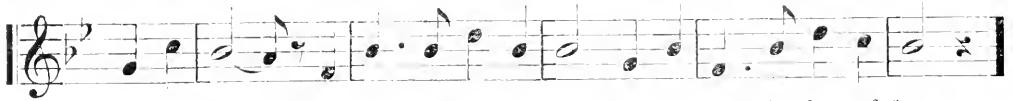
SOLO.



1. The pub - lic voice is call - ing For some trust-worthy chief, To save our cred - it



fall - ing, And bring us quick re - lief From those who sail, for plum - der, The good old

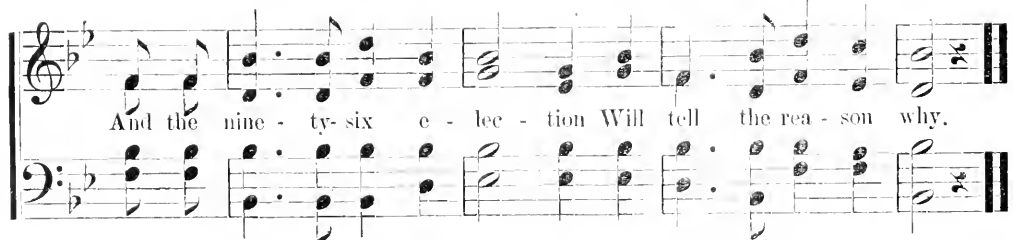
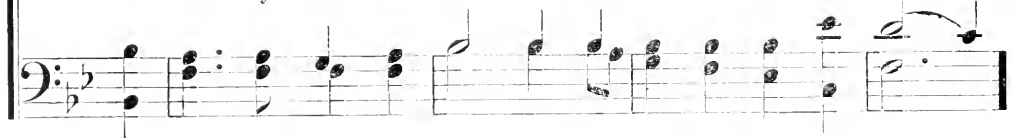


Ship of State; Who steer by rule of blun - der, And by the chart of fate.

CHORUS.



Mc - Kin - ley and Pro - tec - tion! Good times are draw - ing nigh,



And the nine - ty - six e - lec - tion Will tell the rea - son why.

- 2 This strong and wise provision
Should be our constant care:
Meet foreign competition
With tariffs just and fair.
Broad are the fields of labor,
And love should share their spoil;
But he is not good neighbor
Who thrives by pauper toil.—Choro.
- 3 Our workman's strong salvation,
Is what his hands can do;
He earns our approbation,
And honest money, too.

Why should the foreign spindles
Our shops with fabrics fill,
While home-production dwindles,
But not from lack of skill?—Choro.

- 4 America for freemen,
Who know their duty well;
Our ships are for her seamen
Who tales of honor tell.
Press off the sails that wing us,
More than our need demands;
Turn back the keels that bring us,
The bad of other lands.—Choro.

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VICTORY.

AIR.—“Maryland, my Maryland.”

Campaign Song by James M. Stewart.



1. Tho' shad-ow veils thine east-ern sky, A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! Tho'
2. Come, sa - cred one, our na-tion's bride, Pros-per - i - ty! Pros-per - i - ty! For



dark the hour, the morn is nigh, A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! The
thee the door shall o - pen wide, Pros-per - i - ty! Pros-per - i - ty! For



cloud and mist will pass a - way, The clear-ing heav'ns will soon dis play The
us, a time by care op-press'd, A day, per-chance, of sad un-rest, Then



erim-son dawn, the gold - en day, A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca!
we shall hail our an - cient guest, Pros-per - i - ty! Pros-per - i - ty!

3 Deceitful hopes there are, that tend
To anarchy! to anarchy!
Just Heaven forbid that all shall end
In anarchy! in anarchy!
O ye who hold the public purse!
Guard well, lest want shall come, or worse,
Our honor bartered for the curse—
The silver craze of anarchy!

4 For land beloved, of late betrayed,
Americans! Americans!
Work all, and welcome every aid,
Americans! Americans!

Work as ye pray for commonweal,
And God will listen your appeal,
And fair November crown your zeal,
Americans! Americans!

5 Beneath our glorious flag again,
For victory! for victory!
March on! march on, O patriot men!
To victory! to victory!
Ohio's wise and worthy son,
Whose deeds are always grandly done,
Shall lead our hosts, till we have won
The victory! the victory!

THE SILVER CRAZE.

OLD TUNE, Adapted.—“Take your Time, Miss Lucy.”

Campaign Song by JAMES M. STEWART.



1. O what's the good of wor - ry— This craze a - bout fi - nance?



Why rush in such a hur - ry A - long the path of chance?



Why lis - ten un - to chat - ter— A pet - ti - fog - ger's quirk?



Far bet - ter is the clat - ter Of hon - est, man - ly work.

CHORUS.




O take your time to do it; Go on with stead - y soul;
Straight road is best; pur - sue it, And you will reach the goal.



- 2 Pause ever for reflection,
Before you take a jump;
By making wise selection,
You may avoid a stump.
Take not advice unkindly;
With honest counsel close;
Else you may stumble blindly,
And wreck a goodly nose.
- 3 Extremests who would lead you,
Have purpose, you will find;
They call because they need you,
And "have an axe to grind."
The chestnuts they are roasting,
Are hot, beyond a doubt;
The Jackoes sly are boasting
That you shall claw them out.

- 4 The chiefs who shout for silver,
Are men of dangerous mood;
They are too sharp to pilfer,
As that is understood.
Their scheme consists in seeking
Their game in legal line;
Their tub, perhaps, is leaking—
Perhaps they own a mine!
- 5 The good old phrase remember:
"Let well enough alone!"
And study till November
Safe movement of your own.
If tempter talk, talk harder
To learn what he's about;
Put padlock on the larder,
And starve the devil out.

 Sing Chorus after each Stanza.

MY COUNTRY'S HONOR.

By James M. Stewart.

Air: "The Old Oaken Bucket."

O dearer than life is the weal of my nation,
Her glory untarnished, nor blighted her name;
Ever first may she stand in the great congregation
Of those who deem honor the handmaid of fame.
With efforts devoted to bless and sustain her,
May all her true children their labors unite,
That homes may be happy, each member the gainer
In all that pertains to the blessing of light.

Chorus—*O vote for McKinley ; O vote for McKinley,
And all shall be well with the dear ones at home.*

O land of the fathers whose blood and whose treasure
Bought honor for thee in the hour of thy birth,
What pen can describe and what genius can measure
Thine influence felt in all nations of Earth?
And this shall we barter for what is ideal—
The dream of the sophist, as false as unwise,
Whose pictures, so vivid, are vague and unreal
As those which are painted in vanishing dyes?

Chorus—*O vote for McKinley ; O vote for McKinley,
And all shall be well with the dear ones at home.*

Her eagle in white, the fair pledge of her honor,
Now threatens the world with unlimited brood,
Whose flight may send legions of vampires upon her,
To gorge and to batten on anarchy's food.
Shall we her true guardians permit the great danger,
The menace of evil wherever they roam?
And what of the face we shall show to the stranger
Who comes to our shore in his search for a home?

Chorus—*O vote for McKinley ; O vote for McKinley,
And all shall be well with the dear ones at home.*

Stay, Father! O stay the wild flood that is pouring
For silver such vapid and sham eloquence,
Whose mouthings of sentiment crazily soaring,
Offend by avoidance of plain common sense.
O grant that all people who listen may wonder
Why such inane nothings are spoken aloud,
Like the sophomore's rant—intellectual thunder,
While tho'ts, non-electric, are scarce in the cloud.

Chorus—*O vote for McKinley ; O vote for McKinley,
And all shall be well with the dear ones at home.*



What Victory by the Republicans will Mean.

When Senator John M. Thurston became Chairman of the ever-memorable National Republican Convention at St. Louis (June, 1896,) he made the following address. It was *the* speech of the Convention. One who heard it said: "The terse, incisive sentences came like solid shot, producing a powerful effect, and rousing a thrill of tremendous enthusiasm." They were, indeed, "words fitly spoken," for in these epigrammatic, crystal clear, and fervently forceful sentences are embodied the high ideals which the Republican party has ever striven to maintain; and—as we judge the future by the past—a copy of these words should be given to every voter in this broad land with this injunction:—

"Read and remember that this is what victory by the Republicans in November will mean,—*judged by their record in the past.*"

The following is Senator Thurston's great speech in full:—

Gentlemen of the Convention: The happy memory of your kindness and confidence will abide in my grateful heart forever. My sole ambition is to meet your expectations, and I pledge myself to exercise the important powers of this high office with absolute justice and impartiality. I bespeak your cordial co-operation and support to the end that our proceedings may be orderly and dignified, as befits the deliberations of the supreme council of the Republican party.

Eight years ago I had the distinguished honor to preside over the convention which nominated the last Republican President of the United States. To-day I have the further distinguished honor to preside over the convention which is to nominate the next President of the United States. This generation has had its object lesson, and the doom of the Democratic party is already pronounced. The American people will return the Republican party to power because they know that its administration will mean:

The supremacy of the Constitution of the United States.

The maintenance of law and order.

The protection of every American citizen in his right to live, to labor and to vote.

A vigorous foreign policy.

The enforcement of the Monroe doctrine.

The restoration of our merchant marine.

Safety under the Stars and Stripes on every sea, in every port.

A revenue adequate for all governmental expenditures, and the gradual extinguishment of the national debt.

A currency "as sound as the Government and as untarnished as its honor," whose dollars, whether of gold, silver or paper, shall have equal purchasing and debt-paying power with the best dollars of the civilized world.

A protective tariff which protects, coupled with a reciprocity which reciprocates, securing American markets for American products and opening American factories to the free coinage of American muscle.

A pension policy just and generous to our living heroes and to the widows and orphans of their dead comrades.

The governmental supervision and control of transportation lines and rates.

The protection of the people from all unlawful combinations and unjust exactions of aggregated capital and corporate power.

An American welcome to every God-fearing, liberty-loving, Constitution-respecting, law-abiding, labor-seeking, decent man.

The exclusion of all whose birth, whose blood, whose conditions, whose teachings, whose practices, would menace the permanency of free institutions, endanger the safety of American society, or lessen the opportunities of American labor.

The abolition of sectionalism—every star in the flag shining for the honor and welfare and happiness of every commonwealth and of all the people.

A deathless loyalty to all that is truly American and a patriotism eternal as the stars.

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